

Skirt Spikes

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Characters: Astrid, Hiccup

Status: Completed

Published: 2012-03-12 21:29:22

Updated: 2012-03-12 21:29:22

Packaged: 2016-04-26 13:20:34

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,676

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: It was certainly a sight to behold. Astrid Hofferson slumped over in a chair with a cube of emery paper sanding away at her own coveted spiked skirt. Post-Gift of the Night Fury.

Hiccup/Astrid

Skirt Spikes

****This is just something that popped into my mind while watching the Hiccup/Astrid moment at the end of the Gift of the Night Fury. When they hugged I noticed that while they were holding each other pretty tightly in the upper half of their bodies, their lower halves were kind of standing apart.why? Well, duh, because of Astrid's skirt spikes. I've got to hand it to Hiccup, because hugging Astrid with all of her shoulder armor and skirt spikes looks pretty painful XD. Haha, so I decided to simply address the issue. ****

****And because I'm really board right now and couldn't find anything else better to do. ****

****So, I'm just gonna make it clear that this probably takes place two or three months after the events of Gift of the Night Fury, since I'm still under the assumption that Hiccup and Astrid's relationship moves at a glacial pace, which is fine, they're young and they're obviously having a good time getting to know each other. ****

Skirt Spikes

It was a bold move when Hiccup pulled Astrid into his workshop and closed the curtains behind them. A long day of flying left Toothless and Stormfly outside taking a snooze, but Astrid and Hiccup were still wide awake. Their hair was slightly winded and Hiccup still has his riding vest on, but he was sure it would be discarded soon enough.

Though it wasn't like he was an expert on the subject of sneaking

away late in the night to enjoy some alone time. Frankly, it was much too few and far between for Hiccup's liking, but he convinced himself that the time for casual kissing would come with patience. And there was nothing more thrilling than catching an opportunity in the run.

Astrid smiled secretively and tugged at the straps of his riding vest before she enveloped his mouth within hers. It was a deep kiss, and certainly not the pecks he was used to but he merely swallowed before gripping her waste and closing his eyesâ€|enjoying himself when he felt her sigh against his lips.

Astrid kissed him just as aggressively as she did everything else, only stopping when she felt good and ready, which thankfully was quite a long time away. In the mean time, he slowly stepped backwards, guiding them to the stool next to his desk but ended up tripping over it instead. They both stumbled a bit and Hiccup's back crashed roughly into the bookshelf, he let out a yelp.

"Are you alright?" Astrid asked in concern as Hiccup coughed at the winded force.

"Yeah," he answered in between coughs, waving some of the dust from the books of the upper shelves out of his eyes. "You?"

"Perfectly fine," she told him with a grin. "Though I would be better if we could get back to what we were doing."

Hiccup shared her grin quickly. "I think I can arrange that." He grabbed her waist tugging her towards him in a swift motion before he captured her lips that time. She gasped against his mouth in a gleeful surprise but wasted no time wrapping her arms around his neck, sinking into him.

And they were back to business.

As Hiccup predicted, Astrid had made little motions against his riding vest that indicated that she wanted it to go, but he was too into their kiss at the moment to break it to discard anything. And as he tugged her closer he was sure she was starting to mind less and less.

She stepped closer to him, pinning him to the bookshelf and refusing any other motions but to be closer to each other. But when Astrid dipped her hips closer to his, connecting their lower halves as much as their upper, Hiccup couldn't help but open his eyes with a wince.

Herâ€|.her skirt spikes. They weren't as sharp as they looked, but it was a biting pressure against him in a place he'd rather there not be any. He swallowed and broke their kiss, but Astrid simply took that gesture to trail kisses along his jaw line. Hiccup only wished he could actually enjoy her kisses along his chin, for it was something she had never done before, but she just kept pressing into himâ€|it was starting to hurt.

He let out a yelp and immediately pinched her waist to pull her away, panting heavily.

She looked hurt to say the least, and Hiccup could see the cloud of

desire that loomed around in her eyes. Oh, how he wanted to take advantage of the moment and kiss her breathless, but his lower half hurt a little too much for him to think about pleasure.

"Wh-what's wrong?" Astrid asked between breaths. "I know that was farther than we've gone, but I thought it was okay?"

"No-no," Hiccup quickly waved his arms in protest. "It was fineâ€¦it's justâ€¦" He looked down at her skirt, and although Astrid followed his gaze, she was still lost.

"Just what?" She asked him slowly.

He looked into her eyes firmly, biting his lip a little. The iron of his prosthetic clanked uncomfortably as he bounced a little, not sure how to put it to her so it wouldn't sound tooâ€¦well, too what it actually was.

"Yourâ€¦" He breathed, regaining his composure. "It's your skirt, Astrid."

"Myâ€¦skirt?" Astrid slowly trailed her gaze down to her own garment, eyeing it slowly before she looked up at him, still not getting it. "Youâ€¦like my skirt?" She tried to piece it together.

"No," he caught himself. "Well, yes, butâ€¦" He could feel himself blushing. "When we kiss, your skirtâ€¦well, it gets in the way." He gave the garment one last look. "And it kind of hurts."

Astrid blinked several times before Hiccup saw the candle light of realization flash over her head. And even in the dimly lit room of his workshop he could see her cheeks color. She rubbed her arm and bit her lip, before mumbling something under her breath and leaving.

"Astrid?" Hiccup called out for her as she went through the curtains, but she kept moving. He simply followed her, grabbing her arms before she could climb on Stormfly. "Astrid, where are you going? I didn't say I didn't want to kiss you or anything."

"I knowâ€¦" she responded, rather quietly. Hiccup frowned. When Astrid was quiet that either meant she was thinking too much or she was mad and just rather not say so. Either way, any of the choices usually meant at least two days of Hiccup trying to get through her thick head.

"I can't read your mind, you know." Hiccup told her sternly, he squeezed her arm a bit. "If you wanna talk, running off on Stormfly isn't the way to do it."

"I'm not stupid." She told him lightly. "I know that."

"Okay, then." He tugged her arm, with every intention of bringing her back into the forge so they could talk, but she stayed, moving closer to Stormfly.

"It's late, I really should be getting home." Astrid told him lingeringly.

"Astrid," Hiccup groaned. But she just stared blankly forward at the

village. In all seriousness, it was quite late. All a few sparse torches were lit in the plaza, and a rustling howl of a chilling sleet storm was gracing the air. It was well past midnight, and far too late to have any kind of serious conversation.

Hiccup sighed, letting go of her arm. If it were any other time of day, he would've made her stay. But the last thing he wanted was the angry matriarch of the Hofferson family to come and reprimand him for keeping her daughter out too late.

"I'm sorry I hurt you." Astrid whispered towards him.

"It's no big deal." He tried to shrug it off, and leaned forward to kiss her goodnight, but when she recoiled he simply placed a light peck on her cheek. The wind howled once more. "I'll see you tomorrow?"

"Yeah." Astrid nodded before climbing on Stormfly, the Nadder's wings immediately set them floating as the winds picked up. "Goodnight."

"Goodnight." Hiccup said and watched them fly off. In the distance, Toothless began to stir, of course waiting for all the commotion to end before he inquired what it was all about in the first place. He walked over to Hiccup, noticing his distraught and nudged him with a groan.

"Do you understand her, bud?" Hiccup asked Toothless wistfully. Toothless simply gave him a glare, and shook his head before turning towards the forge. Suspecting that if Hiccup planned to stay there, he'd find a more comfortable spot inside by the fire.

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It wasn't the fact that Astrid was his first customer of the day that dumbfounded Gobber. It was the fact that Astrid wasn't there to get her axe sharpened or re-weighted. She came into the forge with too much of a determined look for that early in the morning. But Gobber just greeted her with a yawn.

"Hiccup's not's here, you know. He's back at his home." Gobber told her with a smirk. Certainly if the girl came there with no weapon in mind for fixing, there was only one other thing she'd be wandering around in the forge looking for.

"I knowâ€|that's why I came here." Astrid said flatly.

"Ohâ€|wellâ€|" Gobber swallowed. What was he supposed to say about that? "Did you two have a fight?" Maybe she wanted advice, he wondered.

"Not exactly." Astrid frowned, looking uneasy. "Butâ€|I do need a favor."

"Alright then." Gobber shrugged, "What is it?"

Astrid let out a sigh before she removed her shoulder pads and placed them on the table beside Gobber before she moved to remove her spiked skirt. Gobber immediately jumped back.

"Whoa there, lassie." He exclaimed. "Just what kind of favor is this?"

"I need you to take off the spikes from my skirt and shoulder pads." She asked him softly, handing him the bundle of garments and looking somewhat defeated.

"Eh?" Gobber eyed the pile she handed him and examined it, shaking his head before giving it back. "I might be able to take it off the shoulder pads, but the spike are too embedded in the skirt, it would tear the leather at this point."

Astrid sighed again. She looked up at Gobber, seeming oddly desperate. It gave him an unsettled feeling. He didn't know Astrid too well personally, but from what he could see, desperation wasn't an expression Astrid wore frequently.

"Please—could you do _something_."

Gobber exhaled and handed her back her skirt, taking the shoulder pads into a back room somewhere and returned a few moments later with small cube of mineral. He handed it to her.

"What is this?" Astrid asked as she examined the cube.

"A cube of emery paper. You use it to smooth metal surfaces."

Astrid smiled and looked down at her skirt.

"You can use it to dull down the spikes on your skirt without completely removing them." Gobber continued.

Astrid's smile only grew. "Thank you Gobber." She said gratefully.

"Alright, just don't go anywhere with that. It's my last one for now."

"Right," Astrid gave a quick nod before going over to spare stool in the corner, her skirt in her lap and the emery cube in the other and she immediately began sanding down one of her spikes. Gobber stared in confusion before he shook his head and walked into the backroom. The girl's strange habits were her own business. But, for the moment, he had shoulder pads to de-spike.

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Hiccup and Toothless made their way towards the forge late in the afternoon. Their morning flight had certainly taken longer than they planned, but it was simply too easy to lose track of time when in the void of clouds and endless sky expanse.

It did wonders to clear Hiccup's head, though. Whenever he and Astrid were having a misunderstanding it always bogged down his mind. He liked things when they were simple and enjoyable—which they were most of the time—but relationships weren't like building inventions or even like training dragons. A woman's mind was a vast enigma to Hiccup, one he both wanted to explore and more so wanted nothing to do it. Especially Astrid's mind—probably the hardest to read of

them all.

Hiccup wandered inside the forge to hear Gobber hard at work, an oddity in the late winter months. All the hunting was complete, and there was no need to have readied weapons for dragon raids, so business for Gobber slowed exceptionally around that time of year.

"I'm almost done, lassie." Gobber said tautly before he turned to see it was Hiccup. "Oh, afternoon, Hiccup."

"Whatcha working on?" Hiccup asked as he leaned against the doorpost. "It's kind of odd that you'd have a job this time of year."

"Business of your girlfriend." Gobber told him right out, causing Hiccup to blink.

"Astrid?"

"Aye."

"What did she want?"

Gobber stood back to reveal her shoulder pads on the table, each rounded spike that used to jut out being yanked off and put to the side. Hiccup's perplexed gaze only grew.

"She asked you to take those off?"

"Aye, came in early this morning. Even wanted me to take the spikes off her skirt."

Hiccup's eyes widened before a small smile tugged at his lips. He brought it back, though, feeling that he shouldn't be smiling at the moment for whatever reason. "Whereâ€¦where is she?"

"Probably out back." Gobber gestured towards the back exit. "She said she needed some fresh air." But before Gobber could finish, Hiccup was already out the door.

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It was certainly a sight to behold. Astrid Hofferson slumped over in a chair with a cube of emery paper sanding away at her own coveted spiked skirt. Her nails looked scrapped, and her finger taut from the work, but she continued to sand away, even though it barely looked like she had gotten any work done.

Hiccup simply stood with a smile he no longer tried to hide, walking up to her quietly.

"It'll take days if you do it like that." He told her lightly. Astrid didn't look up at him, but it was obvious that she registered his words. Her hands topped their vigorous motions for a moment before getting back to work, even harder than before.

"I don't care." She told him stubbornly. "I'm getting rid of them."

"Astrid," Hiccup said softly, but she only sanded harder. "Astrid!" He called out more loudly, grabbing her quickly moving hand and stopping it dead in its tracks. She finally looked up at him, glaring, but the rigid determination on her face before didn't escape Hiccup. Rigid determination to get rid of her skirt spikes just because he said they'd hurt him.

"What are you doing?" Hiccup asked in a breathed out laugh, his amused and adoring smile still not fading.

"Don't be stupid, you know what I'm doing." Astrid snarled.

"Just because of what I said last night you're going to get right of your armor?" He asked her. "It's not that I'm not flattered, but it just doesn't seem like you."

"Why?" Astrid suddenly asked, her voice rising. "Because I'm not supposed to care about what you say?"

"Well, no" Hiccup said, loosening his grip on her hand. Taken aback. "But"

"I got these spikes on my skirt to avoid close contact with people." She told him suddenly "I never needed to be that close to anyone before." She forced her hand away and continued sanding. "But now" She let out a breath. She knew she didn't have to continue the sentence, but she wished she had the guts to.

And Hiccup just stared in confusion. This was the part of Astrid he simply couldn't understand. She was the most comforting person to him. Always aware of when he needed to perk up, and she time and time again displayed her bravery in showing him affection. Hugs, kisses, holding his hand. So why was it every time she had to say something about all the feelings she constantly showed him every day she choked?

He placed a hand on her shoulder, and it felt weird to feel fabric and bare skin as opposed to the metal that used to be there. He swallowed and pulled her into a side embrace, tugging her out of the chair and onto the snow dusted ground with him. A cloud of snow surround them as the weight of them both shook the ice from the grass. It was chilling, but unnoticed to them both.

Astrid didn't hug him back, but she leaned into him willingly, letting the emery cube fall from her fingers, and her skirt was left on the chair.

"You don't have to say anything," Hiccup told her. "I get it."

"Good," Astrid let out the best laugh she could manage. "Cause you know how much I stink with words."

"But, you know, I can probably do a better job at this than you could." He got up, looking at her skirt and seeing the small progress she had made. Two of her spikes had been dulled so much that they were nearly a suggestion of metal, flattened studs that poked out just a tad. He ran his thumb over them, the metal was smooth and shined with brilliance, an odd contrast to the worn tatter of the leather of her skirt. He smiled nonetheless. Astrid's skirt was, more

or less, part of who she was. Her strength, confidence, and her way of making sure she stayed that way. And there she was sanding it all downâ€¦for him.

"B my guest." Astrid sigh and sat heavily in the iced grass, not caring about the cold against her bottom, and let out a heaved sigh. "I'm exhausted. I don't know how you work with metal like this every day."

"Well it helps to know what you're doing." He smirked at her and it only grew when Astrid winded back a hand to give him a punch, but he caught her hand instead, bringing it closer to him. "Thank you." He told her sincerely, a smile shining across his lips bright enough to melt the ice Astrid sat in. She blinked.

"Justâ€¦" She said strongly, but all of her strength seemed to flood out in the large exhale she made. "Make sure they're dulled enough not to be a problem anymore."

"I will." Hiccup told her, looking down at Astrid's state of dress without her spikes. The brown clothe skirt over her leggings, and her bare shoulders looking somewhat scrawnier than he imagined. It was few and far between that Hiccup had really seen here without her full attire. She had seen him without his fur vest on, without his riding vest, even without his leg on a few rare occasions. But, seeing her the way she was at that moment, completely stripped of her armor and simply lying in the snow with a face flushed in confusion and a head full on unnecessary worries, he could only smile.

And it made him want to kiss her.

But instead, he did something completely different.

Hiccup crawled over to her, leaning over her lap and reaching behind her to grab the end of her braid, tugging the crossed tie from the bottom and letting her braid come undone. The thick hair unraveled quickly and fell over her shoulders, looking like it hadn't been brushed in days. Astrid blushed.

"What'd you do that for?" She breathed.

Hiccup raised a brow as he smiled, curling an end of her hair with his fingers, still hovering over her.

"I happen to like your hair this way." He told her. "But you never wear it like this."

"Well, it's easier to just wake up and braid my hair. It's too much of a hassle to fly with hair going everywhere."

"That's understandable." Hiccup sneered. "But, we're not flying nowâ€¦are we?"

"Wellâ€¦" Astrid looked around. She knew what he was fishing for, but was suddenly feeling very nervous. He leaned closer to her, and although he was over her, she would've had no problem pushing him away. Still, there was a certain enjoyment from having the mindset of being trapped. She let her eye lids fall as he pressed his mouth to hers, a small hum coming from them both as Hiccup pushed Astrid against the side of the forge. The damp wood, biting chill, and the

ice beneath her was extremely uninviting, but Hiccup's hands tentatively stroking her shoulders was enough to make it all worth it.

Her eyes opened just a tad to look at her skirt still in the chair, and the emery cub still discarded on the group.

Gobber told her not to lose it, but when Hiccup slanted his lips over hers, she lost all reason to care at the moment.

And she simply decided that it could wait until Hiccup decided he was finished.

****I actually like how that turned out. Just a blurb into the more romantic side of their relationship. I can see those two mostly being the "good friends with bonus eyes candy moments" in the tv series, this would probably be one of those moments. Maybe a little less so since it's still a cartoon, but, hey, Cartoon Network decided to rate the show TV-PG, so you never knowâ€|****

****Reviews are always welcome!****

End
file.